

GRIP'S GALLERY OF MEN OF TO-DAY.

No. 5.—EDWARD F. CLARKE.

THE subject of this sketch was born in the County of Cavan, Ireland, on the 24th April, 1850. His father was a general merchant and flax buyer, favorably known in that capacity throughout the whole north of Ireland. Mr. Clarke came to Canada early in the sixties and after a short sojourn in Michigan moved to Toronto, where he has ever since lived. He served his time as a printer in the *Globe* office and, afterwards, in the practice of his calling, was foreman of *The Express*, *The Sun* and *The Liberal* newspapers, and was compositor and proof-reader on *The Mail*, etc. He took a prominent part in the printers' strike and consequent labor troubles of 1872, being one of those arrested for alleged intimidation. In 1877 a company was formed for the purchase of *The Sentinel*, the organ of the Loyal Orange Association, of which Mr. Clarke was a member. He was chosen manager and editor of the paper, but after a short time he purchased the shares of the stockholders, and became sole proprietor. He has since conducted *The Sentinel* successfully in connection with a large job printing business. At the last Provincial elections Mr. Clarke was returned at the head of the poll as one of the City of Toronto's quota of three representatives to the Provincial Assembly. He was also elected Mayor of the City of Toronto on the 2nd inst., by a plurality of nearly nine hundred votes in a field of three candidates. The Mayor is a Liberal-Conservative in politics, and during the last session of the Provincial Legislature made a favorable impression as a speaker and debater. He is a fluent, ready speaker of good address, and well informed upon all public subjects. Being a man of energy and integrity, there is no room to doubt but that as chief magistrate he will administer the affairs of the city in a thorough business-like and economical manner; and create quite as favorable an impression in the mayor's chair as he has already created in the Provincial Parliament. Mr. Clarke is a consistent member of the Reformed Episcopal Church, and although not a total abstainer, is an advocate of temperance reform.

ADOLPHUS DE HUDANNE-SMYTHE; OR, WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A TRAGIC EXCRUCIATION.—BY A. JINGLES.

ADOLPHUS DE HUDANNE-SMYTHE loved Angelica Floralia Huckins, and if there was one thing more than another that *she* longed for, it was to get her surname changed. He adored her; also, she adored him; it was mutual. Likewise he had expended more than ninety-eight cents the previous season buying ice-cream for her.

She was a shop-girl, and idolized his name; he was a dry-goods clerk, without other property than the name she would have gloried in.

Hence, Ozro Bagg, the ugly-faced plebeian money-lender, felt sure his golden ingots would win the fair Angelica away from the Hudanne-Smythe. But she—O she!—*hated* him for that he was a bag! She likewise snubbed him. He would not be put off—she would not hear him—so he wrote her an avowal on a dunning-letter blank.

Fatal coincidence! Adolphus also declared himself in writing the self-same day, and his perfumed and Hudanne-Smythe-crested offer of hand and heart arrived at the same moment through the hands of the same postman.

With trip-hammer thumps the heart of the fair Angelica beat time to the music of the crested words.

Woman has curiosity, however; and when she had somewhat recovered from the agitation occasioned by the realization of her fondest, wildest dream, the miserable

brown envelope of the man of gold's ingots was torn open and his words perused.

Would she marry *him*? The money grub—the—the—*bag*!

After the Hudanne-Smythe effusion, the other was too much for her. She started off in a faint, but a customer, coming in, interrupted it. Deprived of that luxury, she took it out in a sarcastic refusal, which she penned after the customer had gone. That very noon she wrote a glowing—loving acceptance to her Adolphus.

She mailed the letters in the wrong envelopes!

The Bagg of golden ingots was happy, it is needless to say. What of the Hudanne-Smythe!!!

When he returned from the store at nine that night, his heart well-nigh bursting with anticipation—the recollection of her many favors gliding smoothly through his memory to reassure him—he found the withering warping refusal that the envious Fates had caused his Angelica to send him.

He read it, tore open the throat of his shirt, and paced with rapid strides up and down his narrow room, his wild hair floating in the lamp-light, and the haggars dilating and spreading over his features. Then he seized a sheet of paper, rapidly folded it over her cruel missive, so as to make a three-cornered note of it, on which he wrote her name; threw himself on the floor, his head supported by a bound volume of the *New York Ledger*; placed the note over his true, true heart that beat only for her—then pinned it with a dagger there, so that when they should find him cold and dank, they would know to whom he belonged by the label he had dagged on to himself!

When Ozro, and not Adolphus, rang the door bell and rushed into her arms that night, Angelica saw it all.

What would be the effect of the mistake on her true love?

She rushed to his boarding-house with wild anticipation and a white face—only to find him in the act of laying himself out.

“All things arrive too late.”—*Ouida*.

Three days after, Angelica Floralia Bagg wept bitter tears over the cremated remains of him who had offered her the right to bear the proud title of Mrs. Adolphus de Hudanne-Smythe.

TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.

“EAST LYNNE,” as played by Miss Ada Gray over three thousand times, is now being presented at the Toronto Opera House. The San Francisco *Morning Call* says:—“Miss Ada Gray made her second appearance at the Metropolitan last evening, and the audience was one of the most brilliant and fashionable ever assembled within the walls of the theatre. Miss Gray captivated her audience by her magnificent acting, and in the finer portions of the drama, in which she had full scope for the display of her talents, was warmly applauded. Altogether the *debut* of Miss Gray was a success such as San Francisco has never known before.”

REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH, of Newmarket, has prepared a collection of his poems, which have been sent forth in very neat shape from the press of Messrs. Dudley & Burns. Mr. Smith has been a prolific writer for the Canadian and American press, and his many friends will be glad to have his productions—for the most part of high literary merit, and in every case of elevating influence—gathered in this handy form. Copies may be had at \$1.00 by addressing the author, as above.